16:Fielding Hall G-3 (1885-1890) 1898 AP1 Burma
Burmese AP4

These stalls are always crowded with people buying and selling, or looking anxiously at the many pretty wares, unable, perhaps, to buy. The refreshments are usually very simple—rice and curry for supper, and for little refreshments between whiles there are sugar-cakes and vermicelli, and other little cakes.

The crowd going up and down the steps is like a gorgeous-coloured flood, crested with white foam, flowing between the dragons of the gate; and on the platform the crowd is thicker than ever. All day the festival goes on—the praying, the offering of gifts, the burning of little candles before the shrines—until the sun sets across the open country far beyond in gold and crimson glory. But even then there is no pause, no darkness, for hardly has the sun's last bright shaft faded from the pagoda spire far above, while his streamers are still bright across the west, than there comes in the east a new radiance, so soft, so wonderful, it seems more beautiful than the dying day. Across the misty fields the moon is rising; first a crimson globe hung low among the trees, but rising fast, and as it rises growing whiter. Its light comes flooding down upon the earth, pure silver with very black shadows. Then the night breeze begins to blow, very softly, very gently, and the trees give out their odour to the night, which woos them so much more sweetly than the day, till all the air is heavy with incense.

Behold, the pagoda has started into a new glory, for it is all hung about with little lamps, myriads of tiny cressets, and the façades of the shrines are lit up, too. The lamps are put in long rows or in

16:Fielding Hall G-3 (1885-1930) 1898 AP1 Burma
Burmese AP4

796 778 373 circles, to fit the places they adorn. They are little earthenware jars full of cocoanut oil, with a lip where is the wick. They burn very redly, and throw a red light about the platform, breaking the shadows that the moonlight throws and staining its whiteness.

In the streets, too, there are lamps—the houses are lined with them—and there are little pagodas and ships designed in flame.

All the people come out to see the illuminations, just as they do with us at Christmas to see the shop-windows, and the streets are crowded with people going to and fro, laughing and talking. And there are dramatic entertainments going on, dances and marionette shows, all in the open air. The people are all so happy, they take their pleasure so pleasantly, that it is a delight to see them. You cannot help but be happy, too. The men joke and laugh, and you laugh, too; the children smile at you as they pass, and you must smile, too; can you help it? And to see the girls makes the heart glad within you. There is an infection from the good temper and the gaiety about you that is irresistible, even if you should want to resist it.

796 The festival goes on till very late. The moon is so bright that you forget how late it is, and only remember how beautiful is all around. You are very loath to leave it, and so it is not till the moon itself is falling low down in the same path whither the sun went before her, it is not till the lamps are dying one by one and the children are yawning very sleepily, that the crowd disperses and the pagoda is at rest.

25: Ferrars E-5 (ca. 1890) 1901 AP1 Burma
Burmese AP4

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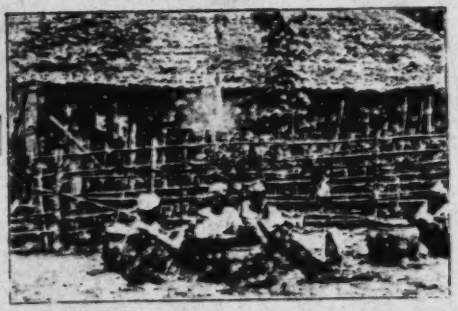
[432]



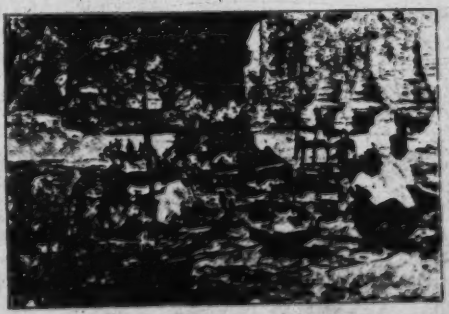
285. PEDLARS.

tain a fire of billets on a special hearth as big as the couch, and placed alongside of it, for five or seven days. The antiseptic property of the smoke may be of value, but the relaxing effect of the artificial heat is believed to be a reason why the Burman women are so much less hardy in this particular than the neighbouring races. The hospital of the Lady Dufferin Fund is helping to spread a [158] more enlightened practice. The ratio of insane in the population is about a quarter of that of Western Europe and America, but is double that of India.

482
[443]
314

Almost the only dealer who hawks his goods in the street is the seller of oil (*hnanzi*, No. 282). He uses a light spring yoke of the wood of the *zi*-tree, the heavier form of which is seen in No. 283. By its springiness the yoke maintains the load at an even level, thus saving waste of work. As much as a hundredweight is carried for long distances. In merely shifting goods at warehouses, carriers will move two hundredweight. They earn six to twelve annas a day. The only vegetable oil used for burning is the oil or resin of [373] the *ka-nyin* (No. 362). Chips are soaked in the wood-oil and made up into torches (*mídaing*) with leaves of the pandanus. The oil is obtained by hewing deep recesses into the butts of the trees for it to collect in, and firing these from time to time to induce a fresh flow. In the valley of the Irawadi, the crude earth-oil from the wells at Yenándyaung is burned in open lamps. This is the earliest petroleum known to commerce, under the name "Rangoon oil." In recent years petroleum has also been found in Arakán. The out-turn from the Burma oilwells in 1898–99 was thirty-two million gallons, valued at

315
[432]



286. TOY AND FLOWER STALLS